

MOTHER WATCHES DAUGHTER—SUSPICION IS ALWAYS THERE

BY WINONA WILCOX

Man believes he is preferred victim of the tyranny of woman! This is because man thinks about woman, feels about woman, judges woman only in relation to himself.

For example, he pretends he admires her beauty above all things, but he never studies that impersonally as he would a great work of art.

"If she be not fair to me, what care I how fair she be."

The consequence is that man does not know half as much about woman as he thinks he does. If he would sometimes regard them in their relations to each other he might discover that tyranny is chiefly satisfactory to any one of the sex when it is imposed on another of the same sex.

Mother, for instance, observing Son getting his hat and coat asks, "Where are you going?" "Oh, just for a little walk," answers Son indifferently, and off he goes. And Mother proceeds calmly with her knitting.

But what happens when Mother says to Daughter, "Where are you going?" Does Daughter dare to answer casually as she continues her walk to the front door, "Oh, just for a little walk"?

She does not. Whether she is 15 or 50 and Mother 35 or 70, Daughter is going to stand still and listen to this monologue:

"Mary, I asked you where you are going and I want a respectful answer. Are you going up-town or down-town? How long will you be gone? What did you put on that hat for? Your black hat is plenty good enough. I am sure it is going to rain. You had better go right back upstairs, take off those white shoes and put on your tan ones, the old pair."

"If you don't know where you are going you may as well do an errand for me. Stop at the drug store and get me some charcoal tablets. Why

didn't I ask Son to get them? Oh, he was going for a little walk. I suppose he wants some exercise before dinner. It's much too late for you to be going out now. Dinner will be ready in half an hour. Take off your hat, Mary. I think it's perfectly disgraceful for a daughter of mine to be running all over town at this hour. Mary, WHO are you going out to meet?"

Suspicion—that is the gist of one good woman's tyranny over another.

A girl may want to get into the open for her health or to save her soul; for she may have troubles and discouragements to fight out alone; irritations which can be shaken off only in violent exercise; secrets to confide only to the sun or the stars and the winds of heaven.

But she can never even take a walk simply and naturally as a man would do without explaining her motives to some other woman—if she has no mother, then to her aunt, or the boarding house keeper, or the matron of the home, or the next door neighbor.

When two women abide under the same roof, one is always determined to be her sister's keeper, and in the name of duty, or protection, or loving kindness, to supervise the other's conduct and curtail the other's liberty.

(The Tyranny of the Woman in Business will be the subject of the second article in this series.)

Washington.—Pres. Wilson, doing Christmas shopping, followed by throngs which crowd every store and shop he enters.

Washington. — Pres. Wilson gives \$2,500 toward meeting deficit in national committee's campaign fund.

Missoula, Mont.—Mrs. Bessie Leigh found guilty of manslaughter. Killed Fred Hoffman here last October.